

Clubs for social, political, literary and artistic purposes, are now found in every large city in the civilized world. London numbers now over sixty-eight first class clubs, owning some of the most elegant buildings in the city. Paris is full of these organizations; New York, Boston, and the large cities east are well supplied; but in proportion to its population San Francisco leads the world in the segregation of its male population. The club is a condition almost of comfortable existence here, and has been so from the earliest days. Then the gambling saloon, with its warmth and glitter and excitement, and non-responsibility, was the common rendezvous, and the place where everybody was, of an evening especially, to be found. Wines and liquors flowed freely, masquerade and fancy dress balls were given at the expense of the larger establishments, orchestras discoursed the best of music, and most enticing of all was the rattle of chips and shifting of luck over the green cloth—the fascination of gambling which all Californians loveso well. Even to this present day there is much of the old-time gregariousness. Business is huddled into a few streets. Men meet constantly within the area of a few blocks, lunch at counters, and rendezvous at the club and the theatre in the evening. Instead of being a great city, San Francisco is, in this respect, a great country town—a city of bachelors. Everybody knows everybody else. There is no severe dignity, no particular distinctions, no great amount of deference accorded the old by the young. The day is a whirlpool of business; the night a season of recreation and dissipation. There is no social circle to attract, no domestic ties, no home to the great majority of young men but the lodging-house and the hotel, none of the influences that obtain where the climate makes the fireside a necessity, and where society demands that certain conditions of behavior shall be complied with in order to be classed